

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

Every once in a while—too often to allow even the fickle-minded public to forget—one of Uncle Sam's sailors does something that sustains the traditions of that service and makes his fellows proud. Frederick Shaffer, who gave his life freely Saturday afternoon in order that a woman might live, is one of those men and his comrade, Ed Wright, equally brave, but more fortunate is another. There are no words strong enough to express the admiration all men feel for such a deed, and the members of the crew of the Colorado are to be congratulated upon having had such a messmate as Fred Shaffer.

The Advertiser hopes that out of his death something still more far reaching than the saving of the life of Mrs. Carlson may come, worthy as that was in itself. Waikiki has had too many near-drownings and too many deaths. It is not the fault of the beach, but rather of the recklessness of the men and women who bathe there. Many of the visitors to the place, lulled into security by the beauty of the waters and the fact that the reef breaks the surf far from the sand, venture beyond their depth and into danger. This is foolish even in a swimmer, unless he knows his water mighty well, but in those who do not swim or are poor performers it is little less than wicked. Not only do they jeopardize their own lives, but they put in peril the lives of the brave and unselfish men who answer their calls for the aid they should never have put themselves in the position to require.

That the death of Shaffer has caused the Outrigger Club to organize a corps of lifesavers which will have patrols on the beach to watch out for reckless bathers is the best memorial the dead seaman could have.